And bubling from her breſt, it doth deuide
In two ſlow riuers, that the crimſon bloud
Circles her bodie in on euerie ſide,
VVho like a late ſack't Iland vaſtlie ſtood
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
Some of her bloud ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſom look'd black, & that falſe TARQVIN ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
VVhich ſeemes to weep vpon the tainted place,
And euer ſince as pittying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud, ſome waterie token ſhowes,
And bloud vntainted, ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou haſt here depriued,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
VVhere ſhall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædeceaſe progenitours,
VVe are their offſpring and they none of ours.

Poore